

My name is [REDACTED], I first met the defendant when i was 4 years old when he came to my house to meet my mom. They had been matched on some phone dating thing at that time. It didn't take very long before he brough his kids over and he and my mom started officially seeing each other. Not much from that time stuck except for the first time at his house when my mom and my sister as well as myself came to watch movies and stayed. That night was the first time he touched me, and it's burned into my mind so clear it could have been yesterday. I remember what he was wearing, the look in his eyes, and the way he asked if it felt good and told me what he would do to my sister and mom if I ever told.

Soon after, for whatever reason I have never got an answer from my mom, I moved into his house. Just me. This is where I'd live and be sexually abused as well as beaten when the mood strikes for him. I learned quickly if I just let him do what he wanted it would be over quicker and wouldn't be followed by more threats. I'd try to zone out on the TV or daydream or even just pray for whatever god that was listening to save me or send someone to save me. As i got older I stopped praying and dreamed of ways I'd get away, Then I'd wish for terrible accidents to happen that would force me away from him, and then finally I'd just wish I'd die.

The number of times I would get breaks from him over those 8 years i can count on my two hands and still have fingers to spare. The videos and photos that we are here for are such a small representative of the pain that monster put me through. Thankfully I have not had to watch them (yet, hopefully the county decides to reopen their case). I wish we were here for the actual abuse; it feels almost like a slap to the face that this is all we are getting justice for after all this time, like we are saying he is only in trouble because he had hubris and made them and kept them.

WARNING MY BE TRIGGERING!!!! When I was about 11 years old, he had gotten a decent tax return and bought a new blue/turquoise couch from Big Lots and I had accidentally told my mom. He got so angry he just wouldn't stop hitting me over and over, i remember my glasses flying across the living room well I clung to the corner between the living room and kitchen. I remember being hit till I fell just to be stood back up to be hit again. I remember blacking out and waking again to him in his chair and would ask me why i told her and would ask what I was going to do to make it better and when I didn't know he would get angry and get up and hit me again. Till finally it was time for bed and he told me i had to sleep on the living room floor and the feeling of relief that washed over me and i slept, just to be woken not long later to him asking me if i wanted him to forgive me and i had to so yes, what choice did I have? He told me I had to let him do me anally. I tried, i tried to go numb but I couldn't it hurt so badly. He got so angry and kicked me out again after throwing

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me to the side. No one I know knows this story, I have tried to keep them as far from this as I possibly can, but this is only one incident among thousands I had to live through. Some weren't this extreme, others were, but this was my life.

When I was 12 years old my mom and him finally had a fight and split up, when we were packing a trash bag of my things he was reminding me to beg my mom to "come home" and was trying to take my baby blanket (I still slept with it even then and often had issues with nightmares and unfortunately wetting the bed) when it finally dawned on me that my mom lived with my aunt who hates Jeremy and my cousins who were creeped out by him and would call him "snake face". If I ever had a real chance at getting away it was now. So, when I got there and my mom was going to get back with him i begged her not to, i did not tell her why i didn't want to go back, just that I hated it there.

Soon I got closer to one of my cousins and had begun telling her the truth, one of those times I was opening up about it my other cousin overheard and forced me to tell, or she would. So, I did, and my biggest support at that time had turned out to be my aunt. Always behind the scenes, every step of the way making sure my mom did everything she was supposed to with the police, cps, and the hospital and all the other doctors' visits in-between. Finally, after a long time I was sat down by CPS and told to stop lying for my mother. At this point in time, they had been in a custody battle over my brother. Little did any of us know then that that brother would one day finally prove the monster was real all along.

I have spent years in therapy, tried so many different meds I can't count anymore, so many different therapists too, and now have a laundry list of disorders attached to my name but those among the top 3 are PTSD, Severe Depression, and Severe Anxiety. I can't go to the grocery store alone, I can't drive without blacking out, I never got to finish school. I am most ashamed of the years a let it hit me the hardest, When I was 16 I had a Panick attack when I found out one of my close friends had used my picture and name on a dating site and when I got the account I went to delete it when i saw a list of people who often visit your profile and on top of that list was Jeremy. I made sure she had never spoken to him but i got so freaked out i locked myself in the bathroom and well between anxiety attacks and passing out I had managed to claw my own wrist open over and over. I Still have the scars to remember that day. I wish I could say that was the only time that has happened in my life, but I can't. What had set me off was on the car ride to drop me off to my aunts just 4 years before Jeremy had told me when I turned 16 I could run away from my mom and the police wouldn't do anything and soon as I was 18 we would marry. He had been calling me "wifey" for years, I thought he was coming for me.

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I have worked hard to overcome what has happened to me, i still have a lifetime of work ahead of me. I may never fully heal from the damage he has done to me, and honestly how could anyone? He took my childhood; he took any sense of innocence from me at only 4 years old. He also hurt my little sister, and the fact I couldn't protect her even when I tried is a heavy burden, I have had to carry along with every kid who was made a victim after because I couldn't get them to check that stupid closet. From the very beginning i told them everything was in that closet. They never listened and I hope they feel even a fraction of the guilt I have had to live with all these years.

And if the court would allow it, I'd like to just say one thing to Jeremy (if not skip this), Jeremy here is my hope for you,

I hope every day my face haunts you till you do what is right. Till you tell the full truth of what you have done and to who. Till you feel honest guilt for those you have hurt including your own family.

All I want to ask of the judge is that you please give him the time he deserves for all the lives you can see with your own two eyes that he has ruined. A picture is worth a thousand words, but these speak so many more. I'm begging you by any means the law gives you to not give even the slimmest chance of this happening to another. I believe everyone has finally seen how even in these circumstances he has still tried to manipulate the system to get his way and dragged every one of us victims through this for years even beyond the actual abuse. Please give us the one ease of knowing we will never have to see him walk the streets free.

I apologize to anyone this may have upset or caused discomfort. Including whoever is reading this, I couldn't give the satisfaction to him to hear me say these words aloud in front of him, but I knew I needed to say them the only way I could.